Come ſiſter (Coſin I would ſay) pray pardon me
Goe fellow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands.
Never beleeve me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soveraigne, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend: the other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right,
Well, ſomewhat we muſt doe: Come Coſin,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen goe muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too, but time will not permit,
All is uneven, and every thing is left at ſix and ſeven. *Ex.*

*Buſh.* The wind ſits faire for newes to goe to Ireland,
But none returnes: for us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible.

*Gree.* Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of thoſe love not the King.

*Bag.* And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes, and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

*Buſh.* Therein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.

*Bag.* If judgement lye in them, then ſo doe we,
Becauſe we have beene ever neere the King.

*Gree.* Well: I will for refuge ſtreight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is already there.

*Buſh.* Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in pieces:
Will you goe along with us?

*Bag.* No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſty:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that nev'r ſhall meete againe.

*Bu.* That's as *Yorke* thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*.

*Gr.* Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes





Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans dry
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will
*Buſh.* Farewell at once, for once, for all, a
Well, we may meet againe.
*Bag.* I feare me never.

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northberland.*

*Bul.* How farre is it my Lord to Barkley no
*Nor.* Beleeve me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger here in *Gloſterſhire.*
Theſe high wide hils, and rough uneven way
Drawes out our miles, and makes them weary
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as Sug
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a weary way
From Ravenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be foun
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your compan
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The teadiouſneſſe, and proceſſe of my travell
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe:
And hope to joy, is little leſſe in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lor
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath
By ſight of what I have, your Noble company
*Bul.* Of much leſſe valew is my company
Then your good words: but who comes here

*Enter H. Percy.*

*Nor.* It is my ſonne, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter*: whenceſoeve
*Harry* how fares your Vncle?